

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

The Three Greatest Things to do.

"The people that do know their God, shall be strong and do exploits."—Dan. 11: 32. ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Jews, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry, and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Jews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valiantly, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and others, as my text says, did exploits. An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of A HUM-DRUM LIFE. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle. The most of the brigadier-generals of this country would never have been heard of had it not been for the war. General Grant would have remained in the useful work of tanning hides at Galena, and Stonewall Jackson would have continued the quiet college professor in Virginia. And whatever military talents you have will probably be dormant forever. Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the Patent Office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred that achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are THREE OPPORTUNITIES OPEN that are grand, thrilling, far-reaching, stupendous, and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child. During the course of his life, almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demotion. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it IN COURT ROOMS. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused, he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate. Let the District-Attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender; let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case, and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor. In the interregnums of prison life he can get no work, and he is glad to break a window-glass, or blow up a safe, or play the highwayman, so as to get back again within the walls where he can get something to eat, and hide himself from the gaze of the world. Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind? Why did not the District-Attorney take that young man into his private office and say: "My son, I see that you are the victim of circumstances. This is your first crime. You are sorry. I will bring the person you wronged into your presence, and will apologize and make all the reparation you can, and I will give you another chance." Or that young man is presented in the court room, and HE HAS NO FRIENDS present, and the judge says: "Who is your counsel?" And he answers: "I have none." And the judge says: "Who will take this young man's case?" And there is a dead hush, and no one offers, and after a while the judge turns to some attorney, who never had a good case in all his life, and never will, and whose advocacy would be enough to secure the condemnation of innocence itself. And the professional incompetent crawls up beside the prisoner, helplessness to rescue despair, when there ought to be a struggle among all the best men of the profession as to who should have the honor of trying to help that unfortunate. How much would such an attorney have received as his fee for such an advocacy? Nothing in dollars, but much every way in a happy consciousness that would make his own life brighter, and his own day pillow-sweeter, and his own heaven happier—the consciousness that he had saved a man! So there are commercial exigencies,

and thousands in all our large cities; young women WITHOUT MONEY AND WITHOUT HOME and without work in these great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, get along without the usual spring attire. Or there is no autumn weather—the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of dollars of goods, and some over-sanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that never will be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced. THAT YOUNG MERCHANT with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. What shall the old merchants do as they see that young man in this awful crisis? Rub their hands and laugh and say: "Good for him. He might have known better. When he has been in business as long as we have, he will not load the shelves in that way." Hal Hal! He will burst up before long. He had no business to open his store so near to ours anyhow." Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out-of-date fashion spring overcoats and spring hats, or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd! I cannot take that bid of four dollars apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at fifteen dollars each, and now I am offered only four dollars. Is that all? Five dollars, do I hear? Going at that! Gone at five dollars," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it re-jacketed, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poor-house." THE YOUNG MAN, BROKEN-SPIRITED, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals, and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a banquet of fire and fill their cups of gall, and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. That is one way, and some of you have tried it. But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had misadventured in laying too many goods of one kind, and been hung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue, and biting his finger-nails, or looking over his account-books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinks how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third-rate boarding-house where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven. An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business, I once got into the same scrape. Now if there is ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bring over the present, I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits raise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis. About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, and prosperity has come, and the pail has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man!" In a short time after, the old merchant who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my Shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man; "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these Celestial lands that you saved a man." There sometimes comes exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning about two years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York, whose pocketbook containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents had been stolen, and she had been left without a farthing at the beginning of winter, in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamp-post on our corner, without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents; and the case was proved genuine. Now I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds

much. It is nearly a year old before it can walk at all. For the first year and a half it cannot speak a word. For the first ten years it would starve if it had to earn its own food. For the first fifteen years its opinion on any subject is absolutely valueless. And then there are so many of them. My! what lots of children! And some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying. Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that child could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? She would take all the jewels from her fingers and neck and bureau and put them down. And if told that that was not enough, she would take her house and make over the deed for it, and if that were not enough, she would call in all her investments, and put down all her mortgages and bonds, and if told that were not enough she would say: "I have made over all my property, and if I can have that child back I will now pledge that I will toil with my own hands and carry with my own shoulders in any kind of hard work, and live in a cellar and die in a garret. Only give me back that lost darling!" I am glad that there are those who know something of THE VALUE OF A CHILD. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never-dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits? But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than their father or mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their names are against them. The structure of their skulls against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked. There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is, what are they going to do with us? They will ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well-born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you? I will. HOW SHALL WE GET READY for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." We must know Him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation and then we shall have His help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was A WILD STORM, AND A WRECK in the offing, and the cry was: "Man the lifeboats!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one. By this time, Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said: "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was: "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I don't know where he is, poor Will, and I cannot let you go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was: "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost, God will take care of you in your old days." The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea, they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried out: "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead! Franks of Razors. The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant strapping will twist the steel until the grain appears to set straight up and down. Subsequent use will draw the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fibre of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which appeared on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower end toward the back you have a tool which cannot be kept in condition by the most conscientious barber. But here's another freak of nature. Leave the razor alone for a month, and when you take it up you will find the grain has resumed its first position. This operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through the toe back.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1888. The Fall of Jericho. LESSON TEXT. (Josh. 6: 1-16. Memory verses, 15-16.) LESSON PLAN. TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: God's Promises Fulfilled. GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass.—Josh. 21: 45. LESSON TOPIC: Overcoming Through Faith. Lesson: 1. Revelation, vs. 1-5. 2. Obedience, vs. 6-14. Outline: 1. Victory, vs. 15, 16. GOLDEN TEXT: By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11: 30. DAILY HOME READINGS: M.—Josh. 6: 1-16. Overcoming through faith. T.—Josh. 2: 1-24. Spies sent to Jericho. W.—Josh. 5: 10-15. Joshua and the great Captain. T.—Josh. 6: 17-27. Jericho destroyed. F.—Matt. 8: 1-13. Faith illustrated. S.—Mark 9: 14-29. Everything possible to faith. S.—Heb. 11: 23-40. Conquests of faith. LESSON ANALYSIS. I. REVELATION. I. Of God's Purpose: See, I have given into thine hand Jericho (2). I know that the Lord hath given you the land (Josh. 2: 9). All came to pass (Josh. 21: 45). Ye know... that not one thing hath failed (Josh. 23: 14). My words shall not pass away (Luke 21: 33). II. Of Man's Duty: Thus shalt thou do six days (3). Observe to do according to all the law (Josh. 1: 7). Hearken unto my voice, and I will be your God (Jer. 7: 23). Whatever he saith unto you, do it (John 2: 5). We must obey God rather than men (Acts 5: 29). III. Of Coming Triumph: The wall of the city shall fall down flat (5). They shall come out in great substance (Gen. 15: 14). There shall not any man be able to stand before thee (Josh. 1: 5). Then shall he sit on the throne of his glory (Matt. 25: 31). It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom (Luke 12: 32). 1. "See, I have given into thine hand Jericho." (1) The giver; (2) The strong city; (3) The obedient people; (4) The generous Lord. 2. "Thus shalt thou do six days." (1) Exact obedience; (2) Unquestioning obedience; (3) Continuous obedience. 3. "The wall of the city shall fall down flat." (1) According to promise; (2) Responsive to faith; (3) Securing the victory. II. OBEDIENCE GIVEN. Joshua... said... Take up the ark... Pass on (6, 7). Have I not commanded thee? (Josh. 1: 9). All that thou hast commanded us we will do (Josh. 1: 16). Ye... have kept the charge of the commandment (Josh. 22: 3). A new commandment I give unto you (John 13: 34). III. OBEDIENCE RENDERED. The... priests... passed on... And the armed men went (8, 9). Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge (Gen. 22: 5). Ye have been obedient from the heart (Rom. 6: 17). Ye have always obeyed (Phil. 2: 12). Ye have purified your souls in your obedience (1 Pet. 1: 22). IV. OBEDIENCE CONTINUED. So they did six days (14). Thus did Job continually (Job 1: 5) (Ps. 119: 44). Thy God whom thou servest continually (Dan. 6: 16). These all with one accord continued steadfastly (Acts 1: 14). 1. "Pass on, and compass the city." (1) The doomed city; (2) The compassing army; (3) The conquering Lord. 2. "Joshua rose early in the morning." (1) The morning of action; (2) The hero of Jericho.—The appointed conqueror; (3) The early rising; (4) The persevering in obedience. III. VICTORY. I. Early Effort: They rose early at the dawning of the day (15). Abraham rose early in the morning... and went (Gen. 22: 3). Joshua rose up early in the morning... and came (Josh. 3: 1). A great while before day, he rose up and... prayed (Mark 1: 35). At early dawn, they came unto the tomb (Luke 24: 1). II. Persistent Effort: On that day they compassed the city seven times (15). Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times (2 Kings 13: 19). By patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory (Rom. 2: 7). Steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work (1 Cor. 15: 58). Let us not be weary in well-doing (Gal. 6: 9). III. Successful Effort: Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city (16). The people shouted... and the wall fell down flat (Josh. 6: 20). They that sow in tears shall reap in joy (Ps. 126: 5). In due season we shall reap (Gal. 6: 9). By faith the walls of Jericho fell down (Heb. 11: 30).

1. "They rose early at the dawning of the day." (1) The early rising; (2) The dawning day; (3) The pending victory. 2. "Only on that day they compassed the city seven times." (1) A special duty; (2) A special duty; (1) A special deed. 3. "The Lord hath given you the city." (1) Jericho a gift; (2) Jehovah a giver; (3) Israel a recipient.—Jericho given; (1) To what people? (2) By whose decree? (3) By what means? (4) For what purpose? JERICHO IN-BIBLE HISTORY. Well located (2 Kings 2: 19-22). Shaded with palm-trees (Deut. 34: 3; Judg. 1: 16; 3: 13). Viewed by Joshua's spies (Josh. 2: 1, 2). Panic-stricken because of Israel (Josh. 2: 3, 9, 24). Approached directly by the people (Josh. 3: 17). Given to Israel (Josh. 6: 2: 24: 11). Captured through faith (Heb. 11: 30). Doomed to lie desolate (Josh. 6: 26). Rebuilt under penalty (1 Kings 16: 34). A popular resort (2 Sam. 10: 5; 2 Kings 2: 4; Luke 10: 30). A headquarters of the prophets (2 Kings 2: 5-7, 15-18). The home of Bartimeus (Luke 18: 35-43). The home of Zaccheus (Luke 19: 1-6). LESSON SURROUNDINGS. The passage of the Jordan by the Israelites produced terror among the kings whose territory lay on the west side of the river, since it was a proof of supernatural aid to the great host that was advancing upon them (Josh. 5: 1). But before the people were permitted to begin the conquest of the land, and Israelites were bidden to renew their covenant with the Lord by the circumcision of the entire host of men. This took place at Gilgal (Josh. 5: 2-9), where the first Passover was celebrated in the promised land, after which the daily supply of manna ceased (Josh. 5: 10-12). Thus the two great rites of the Old Testament were connected with the enjoyment of the fruits of the land of Canaan. In order that the conquest of the land might be shown to be by divine direction, a special manifestation is given to Joshua near Jericho. "The captain of the Lord's host" appears to him (Josh. 5: 13-15). Joshua worships him, and is bidden: "Put off thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy" (comp. the same command to Moses at the bush, Exod. 3: 5). As the lesson tells of what the Lord said to Joshua, it seems plain that this was a divine appearance, and therefore the manifestation of Him who is Immanuel.—God with us. The place of the lesson was near and about Jericho. The time is not definitely stated. An interval of a week or two after the crossing of the river is required to allow for the events narrated in Chapter 5, but a longer delay is not probable, since an early advantage would be taken of the terror caused by the passage over Jordan. The beginning of the second month is the approximate date. The quadrille once ended, I became stationary; foolishly held back by my short sight—too shy to sport an eye-glass, too much of a poet to wear spectacles, and dreading lest, at the slightest movement, I should bruise my knee against the corner of some piece of furniture, or plunge my nose into the trimming of a bodice. Soon hunger and thirst interfered in the matter; but for a kingdom I should never have dared to approach the buffet with all the rest of the world. I anxiously watched for the moment when it should be deserted; and while waiting, I joined the groups of political talkers, assuming a serious air, and feigning to scorn the charms of the smaller salon, whence came to me, with the pleasant sound of laughter and the tinkling of teaspoons against the porcelain, a delicate aroma of scented tea, of Spanish wines and cakes. At last they came back to dance, and I gathered up my courage. I entered, I was alone. What a dazzling sight was that buffet! A crystal pyramid under the blaze of the candles, brilliant with glasses and decanters, white and glittering as snow in sunshine! I took up a glass as fragile as a flower, careful not to hold it too tightly lest I should break the stem. What should I pour into it? Come now, courage, I say to myself, since no one can see me. I stretched out my hand, and took at haphazard a decanter. It must be kirsh, I thought, from its diamond clearness. Well, I'll try a glass of kirsh; I like its perfume, its bitter and wild perfume that reminds me of the forest! And so, like an epicure, I slowly poured out, drop by drop, the beautiful clear liquid. I raised the glass to my lips. Oh, horror! it was only water. What a grimace I made! Suddenly a duet of laughter resounded from a black coat and a pink dress that I had not perceived flirting in a corner, and who were amused at my mistake. I endeavored to replace my glass, but I was nervous, my hand shook, and my sleeve caught I know not what. One glass, two glasses, three glasses fell! I turned round, my wretched coat fell around a wild circle, and the white pyramid crashed to the ground, with a sparkling splintering, flashing up from an iceberg breaking to pieces. JOHN BRIGHT MAKES HIS BOYS WORK. Of John Bright's sons, John Albert was always the "good" boy; Leatham, now an M. P., was the mischievous one; and Philip was the hard-working one. Not long ago Philip was employed in the fitting shed in the Bright mills, having an aptitude for making and mending of machinery. When he had gone through the grades in that shop he put in a year or two at Petrie's iron foundry in the town. He carried his breakfast "can," and shared the company and work of all the other men every one of whom he seemed to think as good as himself. His brother Leatham was put through the drills at the mills, and so was John Albert. John Bright himself learned how to work before he began to speak for and represent workingmen.

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An old merchant comes in and says: "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business, I once got into the same scrape. Now if there is ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bring over the present, I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good morning!" The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits raise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis. About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and says: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, and prosperity has come, and the pail has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man!" In a short time after, the old merchant who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my Shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man; "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these Celestial lands that you saved a man." There sometimes comes exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning about two years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York, whose pocketbook containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents had been stolen, and she had been left without a farthing at the beginning of winter, in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamp-post on our corner, without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents; and the case was proved genuine. Now I have read all Shakespeare's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds